

SHOW OPEN



TELL 'EM DICKIE SENT YA...

Location: Milwaukee County Jail

Date: 3-3-23

Time: 8:30 a.m.

The picture fades in to show a portly police officer whistling to himself as he walks down a hallway lined with jail cells on each side. Ignoring the yelling and pleas from the people who have the misfortune of finding themselves locked up, the officer continues whistling away until he reaches hallway's last cell. A smile spreads across his face as he looks inside of it.

Officer:

Wakey wakey, boys!

No response. Rolling his eyes, the guard pulls out his nightstick and bangs it loudly against the hard steel of the cell. A pair of miserable sounding groans are heard as the camera swivels around to show the cage's occupants.

Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy.

Officer:

While we all really enjoyed having you guys stay in our fine facility overnight, it's time for you to go. Bail has been paid in full.

Still wearing his Mucha Lucha ring gear, sans top and mask, Brock struggles to a seated position and let's out another groan. Across from him, also wearing his Mucha Lucha gear, Cassidy stares at the guard in confusion through supremely bloodshot eyes.

Pat Cassidy:

...where am I?

Newbludd takes in his surroundings and lets out a raspy sigh.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh man...not again.

The guard lets out a chuckle at the two dehydrated friends.

Officer:

So nice of you to make a visit while you were in town, Brock. I think the last time we spoke you promised me that it would be just that. The last time.

Brock Newbludd:

I guess I'm full of shit, officer...

Realization fully hits Newbludd and concern comes over his face as he locks eyes with Cassidy before focusing back on the guard.

Brock Newbludd:

Speaking of shit...how deep of it are we in? My memory is a little fuzzy from last night.

Pat Cassidy:

God dammit... I feel like I remember a fire?

Cassidy attempts to stand up but a piercing headache prevents him from making it to his feet and he sits back down. Surprisingly, the guard puts a calming hand up.

Officer:

Easy, boys. You're not felons. But, we did have to bring you both in for public intoxication. Severe public intoxication. You both tried to run, but since neither of you made it farther than five feet without falling on your face, we'll be nice and waive that one.

Relief washes over SNS and they even manage to share a laugh, prompting the guard to clear his throat in an authoritative manner.

Officer:

Wasn't finished. There's also the vandalism...

Raised eyebrows from SNS prompts the guard to continue.

Officer:

Obviously neither of you budding graffiti artists remember sprucing the side of city hall up with a couple cans of spray paint. Not the best work I've seen but I've been around for awhile.

The guard proudly taps his protruding belly with his nightstick as Cassidy and Newbludd both look at each other in confusion.

Brock Newbludd:

The only thing I'm drawing is a blank here, bud.

Pat Cassidy:

Same...oh wait...

A crooked smile begins to form on Pat's face.

Pat Cassidy:

"Tom Morrow has a..."

Brain fog hits Cassidy again and Brock tilts his head to the side as he struggles to remember.

Officer:

"Small dick." You wrote "Tom Morrow has a small dick." Right on the side of city hall for the whole world to see, classy stuff. Almost as classy as the picture of what I think are identical twins performing sexual acts on each other that you poorly spray painted on the other side of the building.

The guard folds his arms and shakes his head while SNS try to stifle another chuckle.

Brock Newbludd:

So...is that where the "bail" part comes in? Because I've been in the drunk tank before and there was never any bailing out involved.

Officer:

Hey, look at you. I guess some brain cells survived through the night. Now, THAT could be a felony charge, government building and all.

Pat Cassidy:

...but?

Officer:

But there's some people above my paygrade who happen to be fans of you two and they appreciate the fact that your little wrestling show came to our city.

Brock Newbludd:

...which means?

Officer:

Which means we're letting you off with a hefty fine. A fine that's already been paid. And since it's been paid in the form of bail...

The guard sticks a key into the cell door and unlocks it. Putting the key back, he slides the door open.

Officer:

You're free to go. Now, I suggest you drag your sorry looking asses to your feet before I change my mind.

Displaying the willpower and courage that made them the longest reigning tag team champions in DEFIANCE history, SNS fight through their hangovers and make it to their feet, beating the guard's standing ten count.

Pat Cassidy:

Let's go find some breakfast, buddy. I could go for a bloody mary.

Newbludd's face turns white and he puts a hand up to his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

I might need a minute before a bloody...

Cassidy laughs and slaps his friend on the back. Newbludd instantly lets out a yelp and Cassidy takes a step back in surprise.

Brock Newbludd:

Wha...what's on my back!? I know that pain! Oh please don't tell me...

Another moment of clarity hits Cassidy and his eyes grow as wide as his partner's.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh, man. I totally forgot...

Brock Newbludd:

Forgot what!?

Actions speak louder than words. Grabbing Brock by the shoulders, Cassidy turns him around so that his back is facing the small mirror located above the cell's sink. Looking over his shoulder, Newbludd's eyes nearly pop out of his head.

Pat Cassidy:

I forgot you got some new ink last night, bud.

The camera zooms in on the mirror to reveal "EL CHUPACABRO" freshly tattooed across Newbludd's shoulder blades. In *chicano* cursive font, obviously.

Brock Newbludd:

I really need to reevaluate my life choices...

Shaking his head in amusement, Cassidy lightly punches Brock in the arm and lifts up his left arm. Running along the side the scar from when he got a steel plate surgically put in is the same *chicano* cursive font.

It reads "EL GRANDE DIABLO".

Pat Cassidy:

Mucha Luchas for life, brother.

Brock smiles wide at his friend and gives him a fist bump. Just as quickly as it started, their bonding moment is ended by the guard rapping his nightstick on the bars.

Officer:

Isn't that sweet, matching tattoos. Cut the shit! Let's go!

One quick cut later and the scene shifts to Newbludd and Cassidy standing in front of a desk with a glass barrier. Behind it, a female officer is placing their personal belongings into a tray.

Desk Officer:

One wallet containing fourteen dollars. One wallet containing zero dollars. Two matching wrestling masks. One large pocket knife with the letters "GVP" engraved in the handle. Six bottle openers...

Losing interest in the officer's robotic voice, Brock turns to Cassidy.

Brock Newbludd:

I tell ya, man. Ophelia's a hell of a woman, bailing us out like she did. I'm pretty Siobhan would've left me in here to be someone else's girlfriend, if you catch my drift.

Pat Cassidy:

Got to give her credit. We got caught. She didn't.

Before Newbludd can reply, a small window suddenly slides open and the guard slides the tray of their belongings through it. Brock reaches down to procure their items but is stopped when the female guard slides her hand through the window and grabs onto his wrist.

Desk Officer:

Forget Siobhan. What you need is a homegrown Wisconsin woman, hunny.

She smiles at Brock and he tries his best to give her a polite smile back, despite the sauerkraut visibly stuck in her teeth.

Brock Newbludd:

I'll keep that in mind...

Desk Officer:

Brenda. Call me Brenda. I get off at seven if you want to grab a bratwurst somewhere...

Slithering his hand free from her greasy grasp, Newbludd fight backs another gag and quickly scoops his and Pat's belongings up out of the tray.

Brock Newbludd:

Um, yeah. I'll call ya, Brenda. 911, right?

Before she can answer, Newbludd turns on a heel and walks away as quickly as his hungover legs will allow. Smirking, Cassidy elbows him in the side.

Pat Cassidy:

You still got it, buddy. I get why you like pickled eggs so much now. Do all the ladies here carry that aroma?

His limit finally reached, Newbludd races to nearest trashcan and sticks his head in it, ridding himself of the final remnants of the night before.

Brock Newbludd:

...I...I...hate...you...

Another quick cut later and the scene shifts to the main entrance of the Milwaukee County Jail. Standing on the steps is Ophelia Sykes who seems to be suffering through a massive hangover of her own. Behind her is a large group of people all wearing SNS t-shirts. Someone in the group lets out an excited yelp as the building's doors begin to slide open.

Excited Fan:

Look! Here they come!

Walking out of the jailhouse, The Saturday Night Specials are greeted with the sweet smell of freedom along with a thunderous cheer from the gathering of people. The sudden shock of it all freezes both men in their tracks, causing them to look at each other.

Pat Cassidy:

What's happening?

Before Brock can answer, Ophelia steps in.

Ophelia Sykes:

Ballyhoo Nation. That's what's happening.

Both men look out to the crowd in disbelief before looking back to Sykes.

Ophelia Sykes:

You can thank THEM for bailing you out, too. They all pooled their money together and paid it. They even cleaned up that terrible graffiti you did too.

Before either man can respond, a scrappy looking young man runs up the steps and hands them each a coffee.

Pat Cassidy:

Is this for real?

Newbludd points at the giddy young man's shirt. On it is the SNS logo with the words "Ballyhoo Nation: Milwaukee Chapter" written underneath it.

Brock Newbludd:

It's The Ballyhooligans, dude! Holy shit!

Still standing in front of his heroes, the young man sticks a hand out. Cassidy gives him a shake, followed by Brock.

Young Man:

Richard Dunkirk, local president of Ballyhoo Nation, Milwaukee branch. My friends call me Dickie.

Brock Newbludd:

Dickie, this...this is crazy! You paid our bail!? Dude, you guys...this is...

Overwhelmed by it all, Brock bites his lip in an attempt to keep his emotions in check.

Pat Cassidy:

Dickie Dunkirk...I won't forget that name. And I won't forget about what you did here today...what all you guys did. This is amazing, man.

Dickie Dunkirk's smile vanishes and his face turns serious.

Dickie Dunkirk:

We're the Ballyhoo Nation, that's what we do. If it wasn't for you guys, none of us would be here. You want to repay us...*really* repay us...

The leader of Ballyhoo Nation-Milwaukee looks out to the rest of the gathered SNS fans for a second before turning back to SNS.

Dickie Dunkirk:

You go find The Lucky Sevens. You go find them and you give them the lickin' of a lifetime. And when you're done, you rip those titles off of them and bring them home. Bring them home to Ballyhoo Brew, where they belong.

Inspired by the young man's words, Brock straightens his back and raises a fist up. Cassidy and Ophelia quickly get caught up in the moment and do the same. Dunkirk raises his fist and bumps it up to theirs.

Pat Cassidy:

Deal, amigo. We'll find a way.

Brock Newbludd:

You damn right we will. And we'll be sure to tell them Dickie Fuckin' Dunkirk sent us. That's a promise.

With that, The Saturday Night Specials raise Dickie's arm up and the crowd cheers loudly as the scene slowly fades to black.

COMPANY MEN

A giant corporate boardroom. There are floor-to-wall glass windows in the background, with a mahogany decor on the walls and furniture. Standing and leaning on the front of the table is Brayden W. Levrington -- wearing a navy blue blazer over a crisp, starched, tailored dress shirt with a pink/blue striped tie. Sitting in a chair, with his Cole Haan loafers (no socks) on the table, is Cristiano Caballero, wearing a navy blue blazer over a blue dress shirt (no tie) and white, pleated slacks. Both men just ooze "having smirks."

Brayden W. Levrington:

DEFIANCE is at a crossroads. This promotion is currently in the midst of a nationwide tour, selling out arenas across this country of ours, garnering a rare buzz in this industry. But there are still new levels to be reached. For instance, while we may be setting attendance records, just look at who the hell is in attendance. Why, it's a horde of welfare recipients, unattractive single mothers and illiterate children. Our fan base comprises the lowest common denomination. The next step for DEFIANCE is to not improve its fanbase but to completely replace its audience members with men and women of class, dignity and disposable income.

Cristiano Caballero:

Adios, beer swilling construction workers. Bienvenido, Fortune 500 senior vice presidentes. See you later, blondes with tramp stamps. Hola, southern beauty queens with wealthy padres.

Brayden W. Levrington:

To make this happen requires people who are just as comfortable in a boardroom as they are in a wrestling ring. It requires men who can speak with knowledge about leveraged buyouts and go-forward marketing trends. It requires men comfortable at a country club in the Hamptons, a private estate in St. Tropez or at a conference in Davos. It requires men who can give an ivory white business card to a Wharton graduate while flashing an ivory white smile at his wife.

Cristiano Caballero:

It requires men who know and appreciate the feel of a \$500 haircut. Men who don't just wear suits but have them monogrammed. Men who dine at Michelin star restaurants and drive with Formula 1 racers.

Brayden W. Levrington:

Now, I know we have our detractors in the BRAZEN and DEFIANCE locker rooms. But, hey, don't be upset. Because we aren't doing all of this just for ourselves. We're doing this for you. After all, this promotion needs handsome, highly educated men of the world who corporate America can rally behind. And that's us. Company men!

Cristiano Caballero:

Los Hombres de Empresa!

Brayden W. Levrington:

You'll thank us later.

Brayden winks to the camera.

EMPTY GRAVE, EMPTY SOUL

Organo Cemetery, Indianapolis, IN

HERE LIES

BASLE GINGER KROWE

Loving wife

Born February 16, 2000 - Died August 21, 2019

Rain pours down on the graveyard, it's nearly evening as the sun is starting to set in the distance. Scrow stands before an empty grave where his once beloved wife once laid. The rain has drenched pretty much all off Scrow's street clothes. Droplets fall from his hair into the empty grave. Sorrow, regret, and pain are all apparent on his face.

Scrow Narration:

He has beaten me down physically and taken advantage of my mental illness, but this...this I never thought he would do. He has taken my body, my mind, and now my heart. What is left? Alone in this world with no one who understands me.

Wiping the water from his face for a moment brushing his hair behind his head, exposing the reddish skin from the last moments of his life when she was still with him. Then in a snap, she was gone forever. The only thing he had left of her was the jewel he had always worn around his neck and well her resting place.

Scrow Narration:

Why have I even bothered? I have felt nothing but pain and anguish since you left me. I have tried to not let it bother me, but the more and more it seeps into my very pores the more I just want to lash out at the world for making me feel this way. Then of course there is The Kabal, and all the atrocities I have done while under their banner.

Taking a deep breath

Scrow Narration:

The lives I warped the people I have hurt all to make the world pay for my own pain and suffering. Now I walk backstage and feel nothing but guilt. Tyler Fuse, Victor Vacio, Rick Dickulous, and most of all a man I literally tore his family apart by making him into a monster Jason Reeves. Who knows how long those drugs will linger in their bodies? I could have scared them for the rest of their lives.

He drops to his knees.

Scrow Narration:

If you were alive right now I have a feeling you could not stand to be around me. The man I had become the monster I truly am. Now I can not even clear my own thoughts, because the only thing I had left was you and you are no longer here. All because of me, if I had not left Crimson's house your sister would not be lying in a hospital bed not knowing if she will ever walk again. Then this, he has desecrated your resting place. All because of my sins, I do not know how much more I can take from this world.

He looks up into the sky screaming at the top of his lungs before falling into the grave of his wife, with a wet thud.

Scrow Narration:

I belong in here, not out there.

Fade.

ANGEL TRINIDAD vs. GEORGE OTHELLO

DDK:

We're about to get our first look at a member of Team HOSS in action since two thirds of the original duo took in DEFIANCE roster member Strong AF and started wreaking havoc upon Titanes Familia. Up next, Angel Trinidad is in action against one of the youngest, but most tenured stars in BRAZEN, "Mellow Yellow" George Othello!

Lance:

My only advice for this kid? Run. Angel Trinidad is the ringleader of Team HOSS and its largest member. 6'10" and around the 300-pound mark.

DDK:

An uphill battle for the Welshmen and Angel Trinidad's first match on the main roster in almost two years! Let's go to ringside for the intros with Darren Quimbey!

Quimbey now stands in the ring, ready to read off intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall!

♪ "Mellow Yellow" by Donovan ♪

The theme plays and out comes a man familiar to BRAZEN fans. The crowd gives some polite applause to the laid-back young man in the

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Swansea, Wales, weighing in at 212 pounds... **"MELLOW YELLOW" GEORGE OTHELLO!**

He sits up on the turnbuckles and gives a half-hearted double thumbs up to the crowd before SLOWLY flipping backwards and then heading to his corner. The young technician waits on his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 299 pounds... being accompanied by Aleczander The Great and Strong AF, he is a member of Team HOSS... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

♪ "By The Sword" by iamjakehill ♪

Smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp and out come the monsters, one at a time.

Strong AF, flexing his muscles and hitting an arching back pose.

Aleczander The Great, showing off his own pecs and hitting the pec dance.

Behind them, The Big Bad of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad. Angel bumps his fists with Strong AF and then with Aleczander The Great before the trio hit the ring. George Othello looks a bit trepidatious of the monstrous trio coming to the ring.

DDK:

This new version of Team HOSS has twice attacked Titanes Familia when least expected. Once against Uriel Cortez and Titaness, then last week by attacking Dan Leo James. We've learned that Dan Leo James received 15 stitches from that attack. He is expected to be in action by next week.

Lance:

Team HOSS did enough to James to get Cortez, Titaness and Minute in some major trouble. We'll talk about that at the conclusion of this match.

The 35-year-old monster grabs the ropes and then makes a CLEAR jump over the ropes. Strong AF and Aleczonder wait at ringside.

DDK:

As long as I've known Angel Trinidad, his size and athletic gifts know no bounds... but it's his attitude. He can't let go of grudges. Years ago, he ended the DEFIANCE career of former DEFIANCE World Champion Dusty Griffith and he was let go from the company.

Lance:

That's exactly why I told George Othello to run!

The bell rings...

DING DING

With the ring of the bell, Angel Trinidad makes a mad dash right at the corner and CRUSHES George Othello with a huge body avalanche!

DDK:

Oh, no! Angel Trinidad goes right on the attack from the jump and crushes Othello in the corner!

Lance:

By the time he saw it coming, Darren, it was too late! Angel Trinidad is a large athlete, but he's so fast and even has high-flying moves in his arsenal as well. He used to call himself The Biggest AND The Best for reasons like that.

Angel lets George fall to his knees, but catches him quickly. He hooks Othello by the neck and then looks to an imaginary watch on his left arm.

Angel Trinidad:

Time to fly, bitch!

He grabs George and THROWS him across the ring out of a huge vertical suplex! George crashes down to the mat awkwardly while Angel Trinidad braces a hand on the nearby ropes... then the 6'10" monster KIPS UP to his feet! The crowd can boo him, but they do look on in awe at the agility on display!

DDK:

Angel hasn't lost a step!

Lance:

No, he hasn't. Like you said... all the physical gifts are there. Always have been. But the old management didn't take too kindly to Angel Trinidad throwing his temper around backstage and taking out one of its top stars.

The Beast from The Bronx waits and covers George with a lazy foot on his chest.

ONE!

George weakly bats the foot off his chest, but it looks like the damage may have already been done. Angel pulls Georgie Boy up by the neck and lifts him up...

BUT GEORGE SURPRISES HIM WITH A GUILLOTINE CHOKE!

DDK:

No! I don't know if George was playing possum! He's one of the bigger prospects in BRAZEN today, but Angel has made him look like little competition up until now!

Lance:

Othello is a graduate of the same Harold Ketch Grapple Arts Academy that trained Oscar Burns and Ryan "BIGBOSS" Batts! He knows his way around a hold!

Strong AF and Aleczander The Great are both yelling for Angel to fight back! The giant tries to shake Georgie Boy off of him, but the kid called Mellow Yellow is cranking on tight! His feet touch the ground and soon, Angel finds himself on one knee before he finally manages to shove him off... but George rolls through to his feet and comes right back with a flying uppercut!

DDK:

Angel also gets too arrogant! The BRAZEN star hits a strike!

Angel doesn't go down to the mat after the flying uppercut, but The Beast from The Bronx is reeling a little. George gets back up and throws three more uppercuts while he's on a knee! Trinidad shoves him back again, but George goes up and over the ropes to land on the apron feet-first. He climbs the ropes quickly while Angel gets up. He takes flight... but Angel BLASTS him with a Superman punch out of mid-air first!

DDK:

OOOH! That's a new one in the Trinidad playbook!

George is completely out cold, but Angel doesn't care. He pulls him near the ropes and then he steps over the ropes to go to the apron.

DDK:

Where's he going?

The big monster goes up top as flashes starts to go off... then takes flight with a HUGE ring-shaking splash off the top!

Lance:

That's three-hundred pounds of humanity coming down on George Othello!

DDK:

Call it! This one is over!

Angel casually presses two hands into the sunken chest of Othello as the referee counts.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "By The Sword" by iamjakehill ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

Angel Trinidad doesn't stick around to get his arm raised. He motions for Strong AF and Aleczander to join him in the ring.

Lance:

This doesn't look good!

Trinidad grabs George Othello by the hair and forces him up again. He throws him right into Aleczander The Great, who CLOBBERS him with a stiff running axe bomber!

DDK:

The Golden Touch by Aleczander The Great! He just took George's head off!

But they STILL aren't done! Strong AF gets a turn and the newest member of Team HOSS snatches him up off the ground. He hooks the legs, then hoists him up before PLANTING him on the ground!

Lance:

That's enough! Come on now!

DDK:

Ooh! There's the Deadly AF! That modified chokeslam he likes to use!

Strong AF yells out to the jeering crowd. After having laid out George Othello, Angel leaves the ring and then walks out of the ring with the trio in question.

DDK:

Team HOSS picking up where they last left in DEFIANCE by mowing down everyone in their path. Like we said, we need to catch up the fans from defiancewrestling.com this past weekend.

Stills now show the BRAZEN Championship match this past weekend at a BRAZEN Double Shot event between defending champion Nick "Lotto" Otto and Angel Trinidad.

DDK:

Angel Trinidad alluded last week to going after the BRAZEN Championship as payback since his last go-round in DEFIANCE when he was placed in developmental to work on his attitude. Angel had the match won...

More still show "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez storming the ring to attack Angel before the finish of the match! Aleczander is hit with a chair by his wife Titaness and chased off. Minute even shows up to wipe out Strong AF with an asai moonsault!

DDK:

It seemed like the attack on Dan Leo James got Uriel Cortez and Minute on the same page despite their recent problems! But things quickly escalated!

More stills show BRAZEN Matchmaker and former Team HOSS member Capital Punishment at the show trying to restore order after the main event broke down in to chaos. DEFsec approaches the ring, but when Capital Punishment chastises Minute... Minute responds with a shocking kick between the legs and a massive 630 splash on the BRAZEN Matchmaker!

Lance:

We've got exclusive footage of an altercation after that which will air on DEFTv! But in the meantime, Uriel Cortez and Titaness for their part in disrupting the show would be fined and undisclosed some of money and we're told they paid it in full... however, Minute was given a suspension.

DDK:

And I hate to say this, but it was the right call. Minute has been struggling with his place among Titanes Familia in the last few months, but it's not right to be putting your hands on officials no matter what.

Lance:

And we understand that Team HOSS will be in action next week on DEFTv so we'll see what they can do!

SO, I GOT A QUESTION...

Christine Zane, as per usual, stands in the middle of the ring wearing a gorgeous dress. She holds the microphone, smiling and acknowledging the fans who absolutely love her.

Christine Zane:

Ladies and gentleman, for the first time on a DEFIANCE Wrestling broadcast... Michael... Van... Warren!

♪ "Upper Echelon (feat. T.I. & 2 Chainz)" by Travi\$ Scott ♪

DDK:

Whoa! One of the biggest up and coming stars in BRAZEN has made his way to UNCUT!

Lance:

Mr. Onslaught himself! Two-Time BRAZEN Onslaught Champion and all-around wrestling BEAST, is here!

Standing at an impressive six-foot five inches tall, the bearded, long-haired stud of the Van Warren Wrestling family makes his way out from behind the curtain to a surprisingly positive, if not uproarious, reaction. Clad in faded gray jeans and a skin-tight DEFIANCE Wrestling t-shirt that accentuates his muscular frame to the highest degree, MvW starts making his way down to the ring.

DDK:

Considering this is the first time he's being seen on DEFIANCE programming, one would think he'd look a little happier.

Lance:

This is true.

His long black hair is slicked back while his perfectly groomed black boxed beard has some of the ladies whistling at him in the front row. Not even paying attention to the catcalling, MvW calmly makes his way up the steel steps and onto the ring apron. Looking out at the audience, a brief "MvW" chant breaks out for those who are familiar with his exceptional work in BRAZEN. Nodding in appreciation for the respect, MvW steps between the ropes and into the ring.

DDK:

You know, he did say he would be here; for those who might not follow his DEF Comments. He said he'd be here and, well-

Lance:

-he wanted Arthur Pleasant to be here, too. Oh no, I nearly forgot. I hope he knows what the heck he's doing here.

"Upper Echelon" starts to fade out when the fans grow in anticipation for MvW's words. Christine Zane, meanwhile, speaks into her microphone.

Christine Zane:

First of all, I just want to say... welcome to DEFIANCE!

MvW nods as he's being handed a microphone from ringside. Tapping into the foam cushion, MvW speaks.

Michael Van Warren:

Thanks, Christy. I'll be honest, I've been a big fan of yours for some time. So, it's kinda surreal to be standing here in front of you with the whole world watching.

Christy smiles as some fans react with whistles and woo's at MvW's high school crush-like admission.

Michael Van Warren:

But, that's not why I'm out here tonight.

Christine Zane:

Well, I was about to get to that! *[chuckling]* Everyone has been buzzing about your comments on social media last night, Michael. For those who missed it? We have your DEF Comments at hand to bring the Faithful up to speed.

Right at this moment the DEFIAtron shows the quote within a "FIST" text bubble:

"@MrOnslaughtMvW: You know, I'm kind of tired of waiting for this whole destiny thing to happen. I'm going to be at UNCUT, and if he can patch himself up in time to be able to have a coherent thought after his match with Rezin, I'm asking my "nephew" @ArthurisPleasant to be there. I got some things I want to say and it's time someone from this family who's worth a damn finally said it."

Christy reads the entire comment, and then lets it sink into the Faithful.

Christine Zane:

Now that you're here, would you care to elaborate on that?

Michael Van Warren:

Well, I think it's pretty clear. I'm kinda done waiting around for destiny to catch up to me. I've been choking everyone out down in BRAZEN since I started here. I'm the greatest Onslaught Champion BRAZEN has ever seen, and I take great pride in saying that.

The Faithful clap, honoring what he's done for one of BRAZEN's most prestigious championships.

Michael Van Warren:

But here's the thing: I want more. I told Scotty Flash this when I called in to his radio show over a year ago. I want my shot. But now? I want my shot... IN DEFIANCE!

The Faithful explode into cheers at MvW's intensity and the conviction in his words.

Michael Van Warren:

That said? The Favoured Saints must think I'm not ready. Otherwise, I would've been the top of the graduating class heading into 2023. I blame it on a shoulder injury I tried to keep quiet for about six months, but even with that in mind, I more than earned my "certificate". I may not have won the BRAZEN Championship, but you can't very well win something if you're never given the chance to win it. Even if you've earned a shot by beating everyone put in your path, match after match, like I did.

The fans boo the lack of opportunity MvW received in BRAZEN. MvW gives an, "I know, right?!", type of look.

Michael Van Warren:

But it's fine. That's why I'm here tonight. I always said that, if I eventually found myself not getting what I deserved, I would take matters into my own hands. It's kinda this... I guess you can say "Van Warren rite of passage". Now, Eryk? My muuuuch older half-brother? Y'all may remember him as X-Calibur in other parts of the world. *[cheers and acknowledgement for the legend, despite him never competing in a DEFIANCE wrestling ring]* He wouldn't be this multi-time Hall of Famer and 7-Time World Champion if he didn't grab destiny by its balls and give it the proverbial "Fuck you. I'm better." and won all the championships that he did.

Michael Van Warren:

Now that's exactly what I intend on doing. Starting... right... NOW!

He turns toward the entrance.

Michael Van Warren:

But first?! In order to *do* that?! I need someone to come out here, so I can address him face to face. Now, I know you're listening, *Nephew*? Get your GVP-Werewolf-Lite busted ass out here right NOW!!

The crowd "OHHHHH's" at this.

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Two letters appear on the DEFIatron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete graphic that slices through the bottom of the screen.

AP

DDK:

Ask and you shall receive.

Lance:

I really hope he knows what he's doing, Keeps. 'Cause, whether he thinks he's ready to take on the DEFIANTS or not, Arthur is one dangerous, vile, evil, *sadistic* son of a gun.

Wearing the same black and red longcoat he wore at DEFtv 183, and his normal ring gear underneath, Arthur smiles that sinister smile at the top of the ramp. With a microphone in hand, Arthur makes the cutthroat motion to kill his music.

Arthur Pleasant:

Miiiiiikey. What's up, "Unk"?! Word has it you're not very happy down there in BRAZEN. From the things you've said and your entire demeanor right now, I'd say there's some truth to those rumors. I get it, though. If I had to share a locker room with the likes of Flanburg and HIV #4, I'd probably be a little cranky too!

The Faithful boo the obvious disrespect Pleasant has for BRAZEN and its roster.

Arthur Pleasant: *[Pleasant slowly making his way to the ring.]*

If you have something to say to me, Mike? You have about ten-seconds to say it before I give you the whoopin' my idiot fucking loser Dad should've given you years ago.

Michael Van Warren:

Such a brave man when you're not in the ring with me. Story of your life though, right? Pick up the pace, fam. Christ.

Pleasant slides under the ring and steps up to MvW.

Arthur Pleasant:

You should feel honored that I'm even gracing you with my presence right now. Especially after the way you let me down back at that Tag Party thing we did. Family Values my ass. I'm THE main event of DEFIANCE... and this is >i>[feigns yawning] UNCUT. Yay. The dark corner of DEFIANCE where DEFIANTS who don't move merch or the needle go to fucking DIE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Michael Van Warren:

You've won one main event out of thirty-three matches. Congrats. You're slightly above aver- oh wait, you still have a losing record and lost to Carla Ferrari. So, I can't even give you that.

Pleasant looks beyond irritated that MvW would bring up the Carla Ferrari incident.

Arthur Pleasant:

Now you just wait a second. That was a count out loss because of that fat f-

Michael Van Warren:

Nope. No one cares. Anyway.

The Faithful laughs. Pleasant is incensed.

Michael Van Warren:

So, I got a question for ya...

Pleasant steps closer to MvW and growls into his mic.

Arthur Pleasant:

Ask away, Nephew.

Michael Van Warren:

How about this: you and me. One-on-one. Mono-y-fucking-MONO!

The Faithful roars at this idea.

Michael Van Warren:

Arthur VAN WARREN. Michael VAN WARREN.

The Faithful roar at the idea of Uncle and Nephew meeting each other in the ring, but Pleasant busts out laughing. Bowled over, Pleasant tries to compose himself... only to fall to the mat, kicking his feet into the air with laughter.

Arthur Pleasant:

You *[short breath]* CANNOT *[short breath]* be *[short breath]* serious.

MvW sighs. Arthur Pleasant gets up from the mat and starts to walk away.

Michael Van Warren:

Honestly? That's all I needed to hear.

MvW drops his mic, which causes Pleasant to turn around... RIGHT INTO A VICIOUS SPEAR!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

ZODIAC SPEAR! Arthur just got folded out of his longcoat!

Lance:

This might be the greatest moment of my life!!

Pleasant doesn't even know what hit him as MvW just looks down at his "Nephew", shaking his head in disappointment.

♪ "Upper Echelon (feat. T.I. & 2 Chainz)" by Travi\$ Scott ♪

DDK:

I can't believe what we just witnessed! The brash, young, BRAZEN star just ANNIHILATED his own flesh and blood right in the middle of the ring!

As his theme music plays, MvW shrugs as he walks up the ramp.

Lance:

What a statement this kid has made tonight. Right off the heels of one of Pleasant's biggest career wins, MvW just

showed Pleasant that he's not the only member of the Van Warren family ready for the spotlight in DEFIANCE!

MvW turns around at the top of the ramp to look at Pleasant. A smirk stretches across his face.

Meanwhile, as he pulls toward the ropes and leans on the bottom rope... a smirk stretches across Pleasant's face, too.

LIVE WITH FOX 8

A flashy, sleep graphic:

FOX 8 WVUE - New Orleans!

To a newscaster's desk - one sharply dressed male and a pearly-white smiling young woman. The chyron in front of them gives us their names: Chester McGillis and Nancy Hadley. They both smile broadly.

Chester McGillis:

Welcome back. Up next, we have a local entertainment story. Next month, New Orleans's favorite professional wrestling promotion, DEFIANCE, is returning home for its biggest event of the year: DEFCON. However, in recent days, one particular Defiant has been making national headlines. The wrestler known as Ned Reform has made a most... unusual challenge. Rachel Gatz reports.

Transition to Rachel Gatz, a professional looking news person, sitting in a chair opposite the one and only Ned Reform. Reform looks calm, cool, and put together: a far cry from his appearance when we last saw him. The pair exchange grins.

Rachel Gatz:

I want to thank you for joining me, Mr. Reform...

Ned Reform:

...DOCTOR Reform...

Rachel Gatz:

Of course. Now, I...

Ned Reform:

No. I think you should say it.

Rachel Gatz:

Say what?

Ned Reform:

My proper name.

Rachel Gatz:

Doc... Doctor Reform?

Ned Reform:

There's a good girl.

Rachel Gatz:

Okay. Um. Yeah. So... you set the entertainment industry into a tizzy last week when we you want on the DEFIANCE television program and made a challenge to, of all people, Twitter CEO Elon Musk!

Reform beams proudly at this recap.

Rachel Gatz:

I'm curious... do you expect Mr. Musk to actually appear at DEFCON? Is this some sort of publicity stunt to get your name out there? Because if so, it surely worked.

Ned's smile fades.

Ned Reform:

Publicly stunt? Publicity... stunt!? My dear, do I look the type to play silly games in the name of publicity? I assure I have better things to do with my limited time. No... I assure you, I am deadly serious. I am challenging Mr. Musk to a duel. And if Mr. Musk is as honorable a man as he pretends to be, he will be forced to accept. I do not believe one with an ego as large as his will allow his manhood to be challenged without answering. No... he will be there, Ms. Gatz. I'd stake my reputation on it.

Rachel Gatz:

What about the fact that he hasn't made any statements acknowledging your challenge?

Ned Reform:

My my. You're surely relishing the chance to put your community college journalism degree to work, yes? Really asking the tough questions. Tread carefully, Ms. Gatz: I have had calls this week from everyone in the business. I could have been on *Entertainment Tonight*. Yet, I chose to be here. A little respect. Now, as for his radio silence: I make no mind of that. I know he will accept. In fact, I'm extending an invitation to him.

Reform shifts in his head, bypassing Rachel altogether and looking directly into the camera. He points angrily.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Musk... this Wednesday, Mr. Cole and I are scheduled to trounce local New Orleans' "heroes," The Gulf Coast Connection. Once that business is concluded, I invite you to come down to the ring, step between the ropes, and shake my hand to accept my challenge as a man. I may even gain a small amount of respect for you if you do so. Your move, Musk.

Rachel Gatz:

But... why? Why challenge Elon Musk of all people? Why not a fellow wrestler?

Reform turns back to her with a sneer.

Ned Reform:

Because, silly girl, this will be my *magnum opus*. My masterpiece. I have been on a mission to combat the simple, the stupid, and the culturally poisonous for three years. And at DEFCON... I go after the biggest offender of them all. When I destroy Musk in the center of the ring, it will be as if I am ripping the very heart of ignorance out of its chest. Cutting it off at the source, if you will. Therefor, I implore you to watch. Now, I've grown tired of your silly questions. This interview is over.

Reform stands, ripping off the mic that was attached to his chest.

Rachel Gatz:

Well. Um... thank you. Thank you for your time...

Ned Reform:

Be quiet.

Reform stomps off, leaving Rachel with a look that is half amused/half nervous.

Rachel Gatz:

Well. There you have it. Ned Reform, everyone. Back to you.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. DAVIS BLOOME

DDK:

Up next in action, we have Butcher Victorious in action as he looks to take on BRAZEN star Davis Bloome! Bloome is out on his own after his ex-tag partner Tripp Wise was promoted to the main roster recently.

Lance:

Butcher Victorious himself looking for a rebound win from last week when Butcher was bested once again by Declan Alexander! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros!

In the ring, Darren Quimbey gets ready to start the intros with the young BRAZEN star already preparing himself in his corner.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring! From Tacoma, Washington, weighing in at 232 pounds... **DAVIS BLOOME!**

The brawler in the black jeans raises his elbow in the air to a modest cheer from the crowd before his opponent arrives.

♪ "Stranger Fruit (instrumental)" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a burgundy hue all throughout as the haunting melody starts to play... but instead of the regular lyrics...

It's Butcher Victorious. With his signature microphone one more on a mic stand he's carrying with him to the ring.

Lance:

Oh, no, he's doing this again?

Butcher Victorious:

VAE VICTIS WITH YOUR FRIEND BUTCH VIC! THAT'S MY NAME AND I GOT THE STICK! BREE-WOO! BREE-WOO! STRANGER FRUIT, BEANS ARE MUSICAL FRUIT, THE MORE YOU EAT, THE MORE YOU TOOT! BREE-WOO! BREE-WOO!

He continues crooning.

Butcher Victorious:

DAVIS BLOOME HAS A REAL DUMB NAME! HE'S NOT A FLOWER, HE'S JUST LAME! BREE-WOO! BREE-WOO!

Butcher gets to the ring while Davis Bloome wonders out loud if he really wanted this opportunity to be on TV with a guy named Butcher Victorious that badly. Butcher puts away the stand and the stick before he climbs into the ring. Once he gets inside, he gets ready as official Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING

And right away, Butcher Victorious goes to attack Davis... but Davis moves out of the way! Butcher scrambles into the corner and turns around right into a NASTY chop to the chest from Bloome! The Faithful cheer on the relative unknown as he fires a second chop to the chest of The Official Understudy of Oscar Burns!

DDK:

Butcher tries the sneak attack, however, subtly is something Butcher doesn't do well.

Lance:

Indeed! And say what you want, this would be a big win for Davis Bloome if he could take down a main roster star!

Butcher is doubled over in pain when Davis grabs the arm and then whips him across the ring. He leans back into the corner and then charges in with a swift corner elbow smash followed up with a snapmare out of the corner. He goes back to the corner and then DROPKICKS the back of the head! Victorious holds the back of his head in pain while Davis Bloome is ready for the chance to make a name for himself over a Vae Victis-adjacent wrestler!

DDK:

The brawler from Tacoma giving Butcher a fight right now! That dropkick was nasty!

Davis goes to grab Butch Vic while he's left seeing stars from the earlier dropkick that brained him. He hooks the neck and then tries to hoist him up and over with a suplex... but somehow, Butcher has a chance to flip and lands behind him. He tries a German suplex, but Davis elbows his way free. He stuns him and then tries a run off the ropes... but Butcher grabs the hair and rips him down to the mat! Right into a cradle pin!

ONE...

TWO - NO!

DDK:

Kickout there by Davis, but he's warning Butcher not to pull the hair again!

Butcher protests his tactics with Jonny Fastcountini, but stops when he starts to see Davis get back to his feet. Butcher rolls behind him and then as Davis stands, he goes low and clips the leg out from under him!

DDK:

Smart by Butcher Victorious! Attacking the leg of Davis to get him off his feet!

Lance:

All those errands being run for Oscar Burns must be paying off somehow. He's observed how Burns works in the ring!

The Faithful jeer the stooge of Vae Victis before he grabs a leg and slowly starts to turn the leg over into a decent-looking single leg crab! He's got Davis all the way over and cranks back on the knee! The Faithful are cheering on the scrappy Bloome as he tries to get to his corner as best he can.

DDK:

You can hear this crowd get behind Bloome! Can he make it?

Butcher continues to work the knee and keeps on pulling on the leg... but Bloome makes the ropes! He's clinging on to the bottom rope, but Butcher hangs on and won't let go of the hold.

Lance:

I'm getting the sense that Butcher really trying to impress! I mean, his fundamentals are there. He knows his way around flash pins and he's trying to work these holds into his repertoire.

DDK:

He lets go of Bloome and kicks at the leg!

Butcher grabs Bloome and then puts the brawler from BRAZEN into the corner. He kicks away at the knee and then tries to work it over some more by burying the heel of his boot to grind it into the crook. Jonny Fastcountini gives him a five-count to break it up and Butcher holds it until four before he lets go!

Lance:

Once Butcher found his footing, this has been impressive work on his part.

Butcher has Davis in the corner and goes to the opposite end to call his shot. He measures up Davis before charging in, only to get caught with an elbow! Butcher staggers around in a dizzying fashion before trying to shake out the

cobwebs. Once he's done that, he charges again, but this time, he gets SLAPPED via a big palm strike from Bloome! Butcher gets stunned and falls straight backwards to the mat while Davis checks his knee!

DDK:

Ooooooh! That palm strike of his is lethal!

Lance:

He told me earlier he called that the Mighty Right and that lives up to his name!

Davis is still reeling from the leg attacks from Butcher, but is trying to find his way back while Butcher is groggy and still trying to get to his feet. When he does, Davis shoots off the ropes with a clothesline. Off the other side, he catches Butcher with a knee to the side of the head and he spins around before hitting the canvas. Davis gets The Faithful hyped up before he locks in on Butcher again and plants him with a big STO mid-ring!

DDK:

Davis giving Butcher his best shots tonight!

After Butcher finds himself being driven into the mat by Davis, the brawler from BRAZEN reaches out and gets cheers from The Faithful before he readies one last offensive.

Lance:

Will Davis score the upset tonight? He's looking good right now!

He tries to grab Butcher in a cobra clutch around the neck, but before he can, Butcher kicks a leg in desperation to the previously-attacked knee! Davis buckles a bit, leading to Butcher turning around and CRACKING him in the back of the head with a jumping enzuigiri! Davis crumbles to a knee, allowing Butcher to get up to drive him down with a vicious snap DDT to the mat!

DDK:

In quick succession, Butcher takes over by once again going for the knee!

Lance:

And Butcher is about to put this away! He's got Davis!

He grabs the neck of Davis and pulls him back up before taking him over with a headlock into a ranhei!

DDK:

He hits A Winner Is Me! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit (instrumental)" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher escapes defeat at the hands of the BRAZEN brawler and then points to his arm for Jonny Fastcountini to raise.

DDK:

Davis was looking good there for a minute, but in the end it's Butcher putting some of those lessons from Oscar Burns to good use to win this match.

Lance:

The tools are there...

Butcher Victorious grabs his mic and mic stand and then starts crooning his way up the ramp to his theme.

Lance: *[sighing]*

Now he just needs to stop being one...

OPEN MIC NIGHT

The camera cuts to a dimly lit dive bar. There's a small stage with a tripod stool set up. Behind the tripod stool is a poorly designed banner that reads "LOL Open Mic!"

Sitting at the tables are all aspiring comics -- almost all men, save for the one woman in the back who everyone is pretending not to stare at. Most of the people sitting down are staring at their phones or pretending to write in notebooks they brought with them for the evening. There are patrons at the actual bar itself, backs turned to the stage, looking like they would absolutely rather be anywhere else than at a comedy open mic night they stumbled into.

Comic on stage (Fat, go-tee, annoying):

-- So that's the problem with condoms and why I lie about wearing them, everyone! That's my time, everyone! I'm Tyler J! Check me out on my Insta for upcoming gigs.

Host (not quite as fat, even worse facial hair, annoying):

Okay, thanks, Tyler. Just a reminder for anyone who just came into the room. The sign-up sheets are in the back. You have up to 4 minutes. Please watch for the light. And a reminder, \$1 dollar off all Bud Light Limes for any comics. Okay, the next 15 comics know who they are. Coming up next though is Tripp Wise!

Tripp Wise - Wrestling's Stand-Up Comic - comes walking up to the stage. He has on amateur style wrestling headgear and is wearing a black European singlet with the initials TW interlocked in a red/yellow gaudy font on the front, along with black moonboots. The camera catches his rear, as it reads "The Wise Ass" on his butt in the same red/yellow lettering. He also has with him a small notepad he begins leafing through immediately. He nervously sits on the stool. Tripp is short by wrestling standards (5'10") but overweight (265 pounds) for short wrestler standards.

Tripp Wise:

Hey, how's everyone doing here tonight?

There's literally no response.

Tripp Wise:

Okay, I've got some new material for everyone tonight. (He fumbles through the notepad.) So, uhm... What's Forrest Gump's computer password? 1 Forest 1. Get it? (No laughs.) Well, I guess everyone here believes in 2 Factor Authentication! (He laughs at the IT joke, no one else does.) Okay, here's one I like. What concert would only cost 45 cents to attend? 50 Cent with Nickleback!

Again, there's no response. Trip then takes the notepad and throws it on the floor. He snatches the microphone off the stand angrily.

Tripp Wise:

I'm Tripp Wise! And when I'm not tearing it up in the Tacoma, Washington open mic comedy community, I'm tearing it up in the wrestling ring! I've conquered BRAZEN. Next up for me is DEFIANCE! And you're going to find out that this Wise Ass --

Tripp Wise:

Is no laughing matter!

He puts the microphone back in to no response as the host returns to the stage to introduce the next of Tacoma's aspiring comedy superstars.

...

The following is a DEF TV 183 Night Two exclusive taking place after the Lucky Sevens Lucky Gauntlet

Chris Trutt is running down the hallways in search of something. Possibly his next big scoop or he forgot to leave the oven off before he left the house.

Either one might be the usual for Mister Trutt.

The man who is sometimes Rezin's bestie turns to face the camera behind him.

Chris Trutt:

Hello! I've got an exclusive for Uncut with me! Chris Trutt! I want to get a word with the Lucky Sevens after what just happened earlier tonight! I've been told that they destroyed some equipment backstage in search for Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy after sneaking their way into the Lucky Sevens Lucky Gauntlet and they're being sent home for the night.

He turns to his camera man.

Chris Trutt:

I want to catch a word with them to get their reaction to this development!

Trutt keeps running with the camera man and just up ahead the camera spots the Lucky Sevens with bags in hand and titles in tow. The Unified Tag Team champions get through the doors and stop just outside when they hear the footsteps of a young journalist approaching them.

Chris Trutt:

Wait! Wait! Max! Mason!

The twins stop and say nothing but look at Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

Can we talk about what happened earlier with ... AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Mason drops his things and snatches Chris Trutt by the collar of his jacket! He drags him outside!

The camera man tries to follow quickly and gets outside just in time to see Max opening the lid to a dumpster without saying a word. Mason grabs Trutt and throws him right inside!

Max slams the lid shut and just in time to see the camera man looking at them.

Camera man:

Oh no ... no, I'm sorry! I'm just doing my job! I'm just film ... STOP!!!

They approach him and Max's mammoth hand covers the lens and the camera is knocked to the ground. The camera man is dragged off somewhere else ...

The footage ends.

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND vs. JEFF BELLTRON

The house lights dance around as the fans settle into their seats. It's time for a fun little dArK match.

DDK:

Faithful, welcome back to ringside as we get set for this paper title defense. Malak Garland is scheduled to face off against this man.

♪ "YMCA" by Village People ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This contest is for the Paper Championship! Introducing the challenger, hailing from the department of public works in Chicago, he is JEFF BELLTRON!

Belltron walks down to the ring with some passive fanfare. His yellow hardhat is reminiscent of Sgt. Safety however, these are two completely different wrestlers. Belltron is built tough from head to toe and he has a no nonsense look on his face. He isn't so interested in safety inspections, rather, making sure the job is done right.

Lance:

This is a huge opportunity for Belltron who last appeared nearly four years ago on DEFIANCE programming and is seemingly coming out of obscurity to challenge for the coveted paper belt.

Belltron brings his signature timeclock to the ring. He punches his time sheet in as if signifying he's on the clock. He eventually takes off all the gear that isn't necessary to wrestle in and begins loosening up in the ring.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Boos reign down from the highest points of the arena as Malak Garland and Siobhan Cassidy walk out on stage. Siobhan carries the paper title over her shoulder as she crushes on her man.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is MALAK GARLAND!

Garland flips off the crowd before producing a microphone which was stowed in the back of his tights.

Malak Garland:

Cut the tunes please. I have something important to say.

The crowd jeers.

Malak Garland:

Everyone, if you could just give me a moment of your time and space!? I'd greatly appreciate it.

They continue down to the ring where Belltron has left his timeclock on the apron. Malak eyes his foe in the ring as Jeff's senses become a bit more heightened now that the champ is eyeing his prized possession.

Malak Garland:

Mighty fine little trinket you have here, Belly. A timeclock? For punching in and punching out? You are dedicated to duty, aren't you?

Belltron nods emphatically, also trying to hype up the crowd.

Malak Garland:

Well, to coin a completely original term of mine, shit guy, shit. Paint me tickled pink. What a novel idea. However.

Garland grabs the timeclock and smashes it on the ground, sending pieces everywhere. The fans hate it. Belltron is

livid. That's the clock he lives by for crying out loud.

Malak Garland:

That doesn't fly with me. There can only be one clock that keeps time and it's this one.

Garland points to the DEFiatron. The fabled Snowflake Flutter Countdown Clock appears in large print directly in the center of the screen. Garland smirks.

Malak Garland:

It's my countdown clock I introduced at the last DEFtv and it will remain on the screen and counting down for the entirety of this enhancement match. As a reminder, once it expires, everything fWo related will be buried in snow and there is not a damn thing anyone can do about it. In fact, Belly, if you can beat me within or last beyond the turn of the clock's next hour, which is fifteen minutes from now for you uneducated bozos who can't count or tell time, then not only do I lose, but I will anoint you as the new Paper Champion! Ring the bell.

Garland drops the mic and slides into the ring as Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Belltron tries to go on the attack right away but Malak uses the momentum from sliding into the ring to take his foe down. Malak slaps the heck out of Belltron as all he can do is cover up until Hector peels the Social Media Savant from his prey.

DDK:

Malak is showing a little edge to him here.

Siobhan cheers her man on as she clutches the stained and tattered paper title belt. Malak pulls Jeff up and cinches in a headlock, only to whip him around with a hip toss. Belltron is quick to his feet though as he retaliates with some well placed stomps. Malak flies back to the ropes and returns with a clothesline that sends both men to the canvas!

Lance:

High impact there by Malak!

Garland doesn't bother to cover. Instead, he locks in a short arm scissors and insists Hector check to see if Belltron submits. The challenger hangs in there, as he slowly crawls his way to the bottom rope for a break. Malak squeezes everything out of it until the referee's count of five before breaking the hold.

DDK:

Sound mat technique by Belltron there. For a guy who has been busting his rear on the independents, he knows without a doubt that this is his big chance.

Belltron gets to his feet and engages with Malak. They lock horns like bulls, jockeying for position until Malak headbutts his counterpart. Jeff grabs at his face in pain, allowing Malak to settle in a Manhattan drop!

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jeff shoots a shoulder up as Malak pummels him with seated double axe handle smashes. Again, all Belltron can do is cover up at this point as Malak is relentless with his attack.

Malak Garland:

I AM THE PAPER CHAMPION!

The Keyboard King screams incessantly at the top of his lungs as Hector Navarro nervously watches Jeff Belltron get his head punched in. Finally, Malak stops the attack and pulls his opponent up.

DDK:

Malak sends Belltron off the ropes!

Lance:

He misses with a clothesline and back comes Belltron! Spear!

Garland's head whips around dangerously as Belltron collects himself on the mat.

DDK:

What a shot Malak just took there! This should get Jeff Belltron back into things!

Lance:

He's still got plenty of time on the clock too.

Belltron crawls over and laces an arm on Malak's exposed chest.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The fans thought it might have been over there as Malak is just able to get his back off the mat. Now it's Belltron's turn to mount Malak and begin hammering away. It doesn't last long though as Siobhan foolishly climbs up onto the apron, getting Hector's attention while she's at it.

DDK:

Uh oh and now it looks like the numbers game might play a role against Belltron here.

With Navarro engaged in a conversation with Cassidy, Belltron turns to see what's going on. Meanwhile, Malak manages to slip out the opposite side of the ring and locate a pair of brass knuckles from a toolbox under the ring.

DDK:

Oh no! Brass knuckles!

Garland rolls into the ring and delivers a resounding shot to the back of Belltron's head!

Lance:

Down goes Belltron!

Siobhan disengages with the ref as Garland discards the evidence and hooks a leg.

ONE!

EMPHATIC KICKOUT!

The absolute unexpected happens when the fans come unglued at Jeff Belltron's powerful and early kick out! Totally stunned, Malak looks around with a WTF look on his face. Equally stunned, Siobhan wrings her hands through her hair. Hector encourages the match to continue as the crowd is hot over what is unfolding.

DDK:

Tick tock, Malak. Yes, while each second that burns off that clock brings us closer to what he is calling a snow burial of all things fWo, it also means we might be getting closer to crowning a new paper champion! Belltron doesn't need to win by pin here. He just needs to outlast Malak for several more minutes.

Crazed, Malak feels the urge to tell Hector that the match should have been over because he hit him with brass knuckles but he also knows that would incriminate him so he can't. Instead, Garland puts the boots to Belltron once more, while checking on the time of course.

Lance:

If Malak doesn't hurry, he might be out of his precious belt.

Garland grabs Belltron from under the chin and wrenches back with a camel clutch! Blood drips down the back of Belltron's bald head as he tries to reach back in an attempt to break the hold but it is of no use. Hector slides down into position and asks Belltron if he quits, to which he doesn't. Slowly but surely, the fans begin getting behind Belltron until he bursts free from the hold!

DDK:

Too strong! Belltron is too strong for Malak's wimpy little snowflake phalanges! I always wanted to say that!

Now with confidence and momentum, Jeff Belltron turns and snorts at a scared champion. Belltron stomps on the mat like a rhino ready to charge.

Lance:

Here we go!

Belltron runs in and blasts Malak with a hard shoulder tackle. It's so hard that it sends Malak into the turnbuckle, jarring the adjacent ropes! Malak limply walks out from the corner and is met with a discus lariat for his troubles! With the champion prone, the sturdy safety worker ascends to the top rope before nailing a senton splash followed by a pin attempt! The crowd counts along! Siobhan covers her eyes!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

NO WAY!

Like air being let out from a balloon, Malak is the one who emphatically kicks out at one now.

DDK:

Wow, these two are certainly leaving it all out in the ring now.

Lance:

But Malak is really the one in the pressed position. He's got a mere few minutes left before he will have to hand his belt over to Belltron!

Furious, Malak pushes his way to his feet as both men exchange unblockable kicks and fists until the crowd lights up once more.

Lance:

Holy heck! They are beating the living daylights out of each other!

Belltron connects to Malak's jaw with a clean shot. Malak swipes Belltron's nose through an opening. Both men are near exhaustion as they push each other to the ropes and collapse on each other with a double cross body splash!

DDK:

Both men are down again!

Looking on and knowing she must interfere again, Siobhan calls Hector over to her this time. The referee looks over like he can't be bothered but Cassidy has that crying daughter look on her face. He breaks and walks over allowing her to slide the paper title belt into the ring. Most of the fans laugh in reaction.

DDK:

If that was any other DEFIANCE belt, I'd say that was a sly move but that's the paper title! Sure, it's right by Malak's head but that won't do any damage to anyone who picks it up and swings it!

Garland begins to stir and notices the belt by him. He picks it up and readies himself as he notices Hector and Siobhan talking. Garland stalks his prey and slams the belt over Belltron's head!

Lance:

Belltron crumples down to the mat like he's been hit by a ton of bricks! How is that even possible?

Malak hooks the leg once more as Hector turns and begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Garland darts up to his feet, runs off the ropes and slams his knee into Belltron's head as hard as he can!

DDK:

I TRIGGER CONNECTS!

The Fretting Flake goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, the winner of this match and still Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

As the victor's theme song plays, Hector Navarro exits the ring just as Siobhan enters it. She congratulates her man with a big hug as the camera catches a glimpse of something shiny on his hands.

DDK:

Well would you look at that! It's the brass knuckles again! Malak faked getting rid of them the first time and he put them in his trunks for later. He must have used them when he hit Belltron with the paper title!

Lance:

Don't forget though, Belltron still kicked out of that! It took an extra I Trigger to finish him off for good.

Malak clutches his beloved title and girlfriend closely.

DDK:

Jeff Belltron with an impressive and intense showing here tonight but he ultimately comes up short, mainly due to Malak's blatant cheating. He definitely has fully embraced the dark side once more, Lance.

A shot of the flutter countdown clock shows Beltron was a mere thirty seconds away from becoming the new champion but it's all for not as Malak and Siobhan slide out of the ring and party like they won the lottery.

Lance:

Kudos to Belltron for a good showing but Malak had enough tricks up his sleeves for tonight. Let's hope it's not another six month long wait to see him defend his belt again.

Garland grabs the badly broken timeclock and pretends to punch out before speaking at the camera closest to him.

Malak Garland:

Punching out. Shifts over. Better look out though or else you might get knocked out by the Paper Champ! Haha. Don't forget it! A snow burial is happening at the next DEFtv! Haha.

A lasting shot of Malak and Siobhan on the ramp, holding the paper title, is the last thing seen before fading to black.

STREET FIGHTERED

A caption reading "After DEFtv 184" appears as Conor Fuse is walking to his car upon exiting the Enterprise Center, only to find Thurston Hunter standing- no wait, leaning on the back of Fuse's car like the badass gangster he is. Hunter is dressed in a white undershirt and blue jeans. The weather is way too cold to be dressed like this and it looks like he's freezing but the Comments Section goon can't show any weakness as Conor approaches. Hunter also has a large chain wrapped around his left arm.

Once Fuse sees Hunter, Conor rolls his eyes and lets out a huff.

Conor Fuse:

I thought I was clear. Fuck off? Thanks.

Hunter takes a step back and throws his hands up.

Thurston Hunter:

Whoa guy, whoa. That's the type of straight tough talk I'm into!

Fuse is unimpressed.

Conor Fuse:

What do you want?

Hunter gives him a wink. He leans down to reveal he has a backpack with him. Hunter takes out a powder blue question mark box, the same one he showed Conor earlier in the night. It looks straight out of the OG Fuse Bros. years. Thurston goes back into his backpack.

Thurston Hunter:

I got some of your old power-ups. Wondering which one I should use on The Cunt Face.

Conor gives his head a shake.

Conor Fuse:

Excuse me?

Hunter continues to take out items and place them on the back of Conor's rental car while rambling on.

Thurston Hunter:

Yeah dawg you heard me. I got Big Dex Energy in two weeks and he is going to run into my Big *Dick* Energy. 'Cause I got a big dick! I'mma fuck him up hard! Like my dic-

Conor Fuse:

How did the Favored Saints ever hire you?

Hunter shakes his head without looking up as he continues to unload the backpack.

Thurston Hunter:

They didn't. Malak did.

Conor Fuse:

They still give you matches...

Thurston Hunter:

Yeah, not often. Hoping this will change when I whip out my nine and POP POP a cap in Dex's ass! BRAP BRAP

BRAPPPPPPPPPPP!

Conor doesn't want to acknowledge this idiot any further. Instead, he starts looking over all the items The "Thug" has placed on his car. There's a small potted fire flower, a pair of bunny ears, a golden magic cape, a Halloween frog suit... and a dead racoon. At least it certainly looks like a dead racoon. It smells absolutely terrible and Conor isn't going anywhere near it. That was never a power-up he used.

Thurston's done unloading the bag. He's so pleased with himself he puts both elbows on Conor's car and rests his chin on top of them.

Thurston Hunter:

Fuckin' A, eh?

Before Fuse can even respond, Hunter hops upright and then vanishes behind the car.

Thurston Hunter:

Shit, I almost forgot! It wasn't in the backpack. It couldn't fit...

Hunter reappears, holding the dreaded Game Shark, an oversized, stuffed piñata. This was definitely a power-up Conor used to have in his arsenal. Like a baseball bat, he'd swing for the fences and pick up a number of victories using this weapon.

Thurston Hunter:

Maybe I should use the shark. It's as big as Dex Joy, it'll put a dent in him!

Conor looks like he's going to vomit.

Thurston Hunter:

I packed the thing with mother fucking nukes!

Hunter is so proud of himself.

Conor Fuse:

You did not pack it... *with nukes*.

Thurston Hunter:

You god damn dick-splitting right I did!

It's not often The Ultimate Gamer has to be the mature one... or shows his patience has been completely lost but it's tough not to when this little guy is standing right in front of him.

Conor walks directly to Hunter, picks him up and places him further away from his car. Conor proceeds to knock the power-ups off his car but he's extra careful with the seemingly dead racoon. He uses the game shark to knock it away.

Conor Fuse:

Goodluck against Dex. Use whatever you want. I don't care. Peace.

Fuse unlocks his car, hops inside and slams the door shut. It doesn't take him long to pull out of the parking spot and drive away...

Leaving Thurston Hunter standing there, as if he was never rejected in the first place.

Thurston Hunter: *[shouting in Conor Fuse's direction]*

Hey don't worry gaming dude, I am going to soften Dex up for ya! I am going to fuck him up!

UNCUT goes elsewhere.

THREE YEARS IN THE MAKING

Cut to a production studio, where Lance Warner stands in front of a monitor playing that “This is DEFIANCE video” we all know and love. Warner is dressed professionally and looks into the camera wearing a serious expression.

Lance Warner:

Welcome to a special segment here on Uncut, ladies and gentlemen. Last week we saw some shocking developments in the Unified Tag Title scene. The Lucky Sevens, who as you’ll recall have almost total control over their booking thanks to the lucrative contract negotiated by Tom Morrow, had arranged a special gauntlet match to determine the number one contenders for their championships.

On the screen, clips from the match begin to play. We see The Sevens manhandling Count Novick.

Lance Warner:

It became very clear as the match played out that The Sevens had padded this match with teams from BRAZEN. Teams that are excellent athletes no doubt, but teams that have not been in contention for the titles and who The Sevens assumed would be easy targets. While at the teams fought valiantly, at the end it came down to two teams: The Sevens and the BRAZEN team known only as Mucha Lucha.

Warner is replaced by clips of Mucha Lucha in BRAZEN: two “luchadors” who only do power-based moves, save for the occasional half hearted cartwheel or hop. Clearly, a team meant more for comedy than anything. Then we see them making their entrance at DEFtv 183, with The Sevens laughing and grinning at their silly show.

Lance Warner:

However, the moment that shocked the world: Mucha Lucha caught The Sevens off guard and pinned them to become the number one contenders! That in itself was shocking enough, but moments later the mysterious team finally unmasked: they were The Saturday Night Specials!

We see Mucha Lucha hop the guardrail and among the Milwaukee Faithful, remove their masks to reveal Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd. The Sevens explode in anger, but SNS are safety among the people and Morrow begs his monsters not to go - likely worried about a lawsuit. The screen freezes on SNS celebrating with the people, and we transition back to Warner in the studio.

Lance Warner:

Now, this raises a lot of questions - chief among them what this means for The Lucky Sevens contractual stipulation barring The Saturday Night Specials from receiving any title shots - but we’ll put that aside for now, as we hear DEFIANCE officials plan to address that at DEFtv 184. What we’re going to do now is begin a series of segments that will span the next several Uncuts as we take a closer look at the history between these two teams.

The picture on the screen behind Warner changes to a still frame of The Saturday Night Specials and The Lucky Sevens brawling around the ring.

Lance Warner:

You see, the personal issue between The Saturday Night Specials and The Lucky Sevens has lasted for YEARS here in DEFIANCE as it has slowly morphed into an extremely personal rivalry, and now that these two teams are again crossing paths, we thought it important to take a look back at the long journey to get here. A tale of two teams whose entire existence has been intertwined. DEFIANCE Uncut presents: The Story of The Lucky Sevens against The Saturday Night Specials.

A graphic fills the screen:

The Lucky Sevens vs. The Saturday Night Specials - A Three Year War

Warner’s voice speaks over clips of The Lucky Sevens attacking the team that was known then as The Sky High Titans, while Tom Morrow laughs and rubs his hands together.

Lance Warner: [v/o]

Our story begins back in December of 2020 when the former fun-loving fan favorite twin tower tag team known as The Lucky Sevens shocked the world, aligning themselves with Junior Keeling - the man who had recently dubbed himself Tom Morrow. The Sevens became more aggressive, more dismissive, more insulting - apparently they had become disillusioned by their failure to capture the Unified Tag Titles from The Comments Section.

Morrow and The Sevens pose over Minute and Uriel Cortez's downed forms.

The picture shifts: we see Morrow approaching Brock Newbludd, Newbludd rebuking him, we see Morrow approaching Pat Cassidy with a briefcase full of cash in the still-being-built Ballyhoo Brew. We then see The Stevens Dynasty attacking Brock Newbludd, and Pat Cassidy making the save. Cassidy stands over Brock, looking from Newbludd to the briefcase of cash in his hands.

Lance Warner: [v/o]

However, while Morrow played a role in the corruption of The Lucky Sevens, he also inadvertently became responsible for the creation of their greatest rivals. After Brock Newbludd turned down Morrow's offer to join his Better Future Talent Agency, Morrow put a bounty on Newbludd's head and approached Pat Cassidy about being the one to collect. On the very same episode of DEFtv where The Sevens turned to the dark side, Cassidy seemed to consider taking Morrow's offer, but at the last moment, he chose the side of angels and told Morrow where he could stick his "reward." The two former singles wrestlers become intertwined, and on the same cold December night, both teams as we now know them were born.

Cassidy helps Brock up, and the duo throw the cash from the briefcase into the crowd as Cassidy and Brock enjoy some beverages. The Saturday Night Specials have formed.

The picture shifts: now it's The Saturday Night Specials and The Lucky Sevens facing off on DEFtv. Thanks to help from The Stevens Dynasty, The Sevens score the victory.

Lance Warner: [v/o]

The first meeting between the two teams came in March 2021, on the road to DEFCON of that year. It was a hard hitting affair that was just a taste of what was to come between the two teams with The Sevens scoring the big - albeit tainted - victory.

Back to Warner in the studio.

Lance Warner:

Join me again in two weeks as we look at the next chapters in this storied rivalry. The championship, personal stakes, and Ophelia Sykes become tangled in this seemingly pre-destined story. See you then!

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS TOO PUNK ROCK?

We fade in backstage at...

...

...you know, I don't know where. It's Uncut. It's backstage.

It's Rezin, on a bench, strumming an acoustic guitar.

Whatever.

Rezin:

Ya Vae Victis fuckers think your so coool...

He strums a sour note. Scrawled on the body, Woodie Guthrie-style, are the words "THIS MACHINE KILLS NORMIES".

Rezin:

But I ain't gonna be played like a foool...

Changes into a key that makes it clear that this dude does not know the concept of "tuning".

Rezin:

I'll be the one that ends your ruuuule...

His eyes dart around as he searches for the next line.

Rezin:

I'm gonna make ya... pool? ...school? ...drool? ...stool? ...stool. Yeah.

He scrawls a line down on a nearby pad of paper and sweeps back into the final .

Rezin:

I'LL MAKE YA FUCKERS EAT MY STOOOOLLL!!

Enter one junior reporter.

Chris Trutt:

Hey, Rezin. What's up?

Rezin:

Sup, Trutt? Not much, just riffin' for my one-man grind project, REVOLTING SLOB! We doin' another one of those "Say What?!" thingies?

Chris Trutt:

Hm? Oh... no. This was just a standard one on one.

Rezin:

Cool, cool. Pop a squat and tell me what's on your mind, then.

Rezin scoots over and pats the seat next to him on the bench. Trutt joins him.

Chris Trutt:

Well, I guess we should begin with the most recent DEFtv, and your loss to Arthur Pleasant...

The words come out carefully, as the battle-hardened junior reporter knows he could be walking on thin ice by bringing up the subject. Expectedly, the Escape Artist unloads a bereft sigh. He loses himself into tuning the guitar (a process at which he fails miserably).

Rezin:

As much as it hurts me to have to admit this, Trutt... last week, Arthur Pleasant was the better man.

His eyes light up as he looks into the face of the junior reporter.

Rezin:

But ya had to be there to appreciate it! It was amazing! It was incredible! He was CAT-LIKE! He was AGILE! He was NIMBLE! He had a catch-as-catch-can style that even yours truly, "the Escape Artist" Rezin, quite honestly couldn't figure out!

He shrugs, a man incapable of coming up with the answer to what is indisputably one of the universe's greatest mysteries.

Rezin:

I mean, his ring prowess was in so many ways and on so many levels superior to mine that I simply could not compete! And when it was over, even I, the evil Rezin, found myself falling victim, like so many before me, to the vicious double-knee facebuster out of the fireman's carry.

He grimaces, using his fingers to imitate the count.

Rezin:

One... two... three.

Trutt looks confusedly into the camera. He feels he's heard this speech before, but can't put his finger on when or where. Either way, he's finally picking up on the sarcasm that's been dripping from the Goat Bastard's words.

Rezin:

But now, it's back to our regularly scheduled programmin'. Back to reality. And the reality is, Arthur Pleasant is on a spaceship back on Planet Arthur, until the DEFIANCE Faithful can finally give him what *he* wants.

He makes the jerking off motion.

Rezin:

And I, "the Escape Artist" Rezin, am right here, to give them exactly what *they* want.

Trutt nods.

Chris Trutt:

And what is it that you feel the Faithful want?

The guitar gets tossed to the side, landing off-camera with a *twang*. In an instant, Rezin pops to his feet and clenches his hands into the air.

Rezin:

What does ANYONE want right now... other than the absolute DISSOLUTION of that league of extraordinary douchebags... VAE VICTIS!?

The junior reporter nods.

Chris Trutt:

That sounds completely understandable, given your recent history with them. By the same token, they seem bent on

running you back out of DEFIANCE, this time for good.

Suddenly, and for some reason, Rezin is standing on the bench.

Rezin:

Of COURSE they WANNA RUN ME OFF! I'm the GREATEST THREAT to their organization! The ONE and ONLY MUTHAFUGGA in ALL of DEFIANCE that can USURP her UNHOLY MAJESTY! The UNRELENTING FORCE that can DRAG DOWN the BUTT-KRAKEN into the BLACK ABYSS! The UNRELENTING FORCE that can WITHSTAND the STORM of the PACIFIC SHITZKRIEG! THE... I dunno, the UNRIDEABLE BURRO that BUCKS OFF the COWBOY COLONOSCOPY!

Chris Trutt:

And then, of course, rounding out the group there's the Favoured Saints Champion, and former FIST... "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns.

The Goat Bastard's face becomes a mask of fury at the mention of the name. Them eyes pop. Them lips curl. Them nostrils flare.

Rezin:

AAHH YES... the COWARDLY KIWI HIMSELF...

Chris Trutt:

I suppose it can't be understated enough how much of a thorn in your side he's been since your return at DEFIANCE Road. As we know, using his newfound authority as the "Creative Director" of the Favoured Saints stockholders, he's been manipulating the booking in ways that always seem to put you in dire circumstances. And over-the-top-rope battle with the massive Clay Byrd. Handcuffing you in a No Disqualifications stipulated match against the insidiously violent Arthur Pleasant. Contests, some would say, that a man of your caliber couldn't possibly win.

Rezin:

SOME would say, Trutt... but ya know what *EYE* say?! I say, "BRING YOUR WORST, OZZIE!" Ya can TRY your DAMBDEST to run me off... but I AIN'T EVER BACKIN' DOWN, 'til I see THOSE PILLARS CRUMBLE! AND YA WANNA KNOW WHY...?!

Chris Trutt knows exactly why.

Chris Trutt:

...because it's not pun--?

Rezin:

S'BZ'CUZ IT'Z NOT PUNK ROCK!!

Sure, he huffs. Sure, he puffs. But Chris Trutt is there to blow that house down.

Chris Trutt:

That's all well and good, but here in a week... or is it two weeks? I'm not sure when this is being taped, to be honest. Anyway, at the next DEFtv, you are slated to face none other than...

Sharp zoom in on the junior reporter, arching his eyebrow to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

...*YOUR* UNCUT GEMS!

Cue the dramatic sting on the organ. Only Trutt suddenly looks confused.

Chris Trutt:

Or wait, is it *our* Uncut Gems? Does it depend on who's saying it?

Rezin grumbles and scratches his beard.

Rezin:

I suppose the name JJ Dixon rings a bell...

Chris Trutt:

I should say he does. In fact, he *was* your *first opponent* here when you arrived in DEFIANCE almost three years ago, courtesy of one Jason "Stalker" Reeves.

Rezin:

Ya know your history kid... but it's ANCIENT, nonetheless! We're different animals these days! Back then, JJ Dixon was nothin' but a floundering ham-and-egger who couldn't even cut it as REAPER GREEN!

To clarify, he's not referring to the *current* Reaper Green. Sorry, it's complicated.

Rezin:

But NOW?! That Teri MILF-ton's turned him into something else entirely. Something that can... GO. But he ain't the ONLY one who's changed! When last we met, I was just some scruffy pyromaniacal anarchist rantin' about PUNK ROCK! But NOW... I'm...

He realizes the obvious.

Rezin:

Hang on... where was I goin' with this analogy?

Trutt shakes his head.

Chris Trutt:

I'm not sure where you're going with anything half the time. But in any case, against an opponent who has been building momentum and turning heads as of late, you also have to consider what Oscar Burns may have planned for this face-off...

Rezin wrings his hands together and mutters under his breath.

Rezin:

It ain't an ideal situation, Trutt... and I can smell a TRAP from a mile away! I'm mean, how else ya think I've shook the FEDS all these years?! But WHAT ELSE am I S'POSED to DO?! STAY HOME?! NAHH!! SCREW THAT!! No matter what he throws at me, ol' "DEFIANCE" is gonna learn one way or the other, I am NOT GONNA BE SUPPRESSED!

He "WHOOFS" energetically to cap off the speech...

...and the two of them just stand there awkwardly.

Rezin:

...are we done here?

Chis Trutt:

Oh, uhm... yeah. I was just waiting for you to walk off.

Rezin:

Oh.

Beat.

Rezin:

Well, wait, why would I walk off? I was just chillin' here when *YOU* walked up?

Chris Trutt:

OH... I guess you're right, uhm...

The junior reporter lingers awkwardly.

Chris Trutt:

I'll just see myself out, then...

He shrinks out of the shot, leaving Rezin to fetch his guitar and begin the (obviously unsuccessful) attempt to retune it.

DECLAN ALEXANDER vs. LORD SEWELL

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

We cut to the ring where Lord Sewell stretches against the ropes before pacing back and forth with a sternness across his face. He slaps himself in the face a few times before Darren Quimbey chimes in with an announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

In the ring is the challenger from Long Melford, England. Representing the Gentleman's Agreement. Weighing in at 234 pounds, Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell!

The usage of his full name gets a nod from Lord Sewell who raises his arms into the air towards the Faithful. A smattering of jeers is what he gets in return before waving them off dismissively.

Lance:

Welcome back to UNCUT, Faithful where it looks like we get to see some grappling from Lord Sewell. I wonder who he's going to get his hands on tonight?

DDK:

Whoever it is better have pre-stretched for the match! If you didn't, you're about to be in a lot more pain than you already were. A throwback grappler who dismisses strikes in favor of ripping your arm off until you quit. Maybe not flashy, but effective.

The Milwaukee Faithful cheer as the yellow lights dance around the arena and The Payload™ descends from the rafters, giving you a bird's eye view towards the entrance... and you know what that means. As it soars towards its destination, the silhouette of DEC4L adjusts his varsity jacket before The Payload™ flies overhead.

I just wanna feel... A-LIVE!

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

The word "DEC4L" bursts onto the DEFIATron in yellow as the former BRAZEN Champion soaks in the cheers from the Wisconsin Faithful. With a smile across his face, he walks down to the ring greeting fans along the way with a series of high fives and quick selfies.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent from Brookline, Massachusetts! Weighing in at 229 pounds. "DEEEEEEEC4L" DECLAN ALEXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXANNNNNNDERRRRR!

Lance:

Coming off a win on the last UNCUT, DEC4L is still trying to find his place on the DEFIANCE roster recently coming up from BRAZEN after a disagreement with Oscar Burns. However his ability to aggravate Vae Victis members hasn't seemed to stop there.

DDK:

Backstage on DEFtv, he was apparently making some content for his channel at the expense of Kerry Kuroyama and Sonny Silver who didn't take too kindly to the attention. He's been getting the attention of the stable again for all the wrong reasons while trying to gain his foothold on the main roster.

Lance:

A young kid vs the old vet. A mismatch of styles. A great opportunity to see if Alexander continues to have what it takes to make his impression on the DEFIANCE roster.

The Viscount Vice Admiral sneers at the kid in the ring recording himself on the self-facing camera on his phone with the Faithful as his backdrop. The Intrepid Influencer doesn't even get the opportunity to take his varsity-style jacket off before he's clubbed in the back by Sewell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Annd the savvy veteran knows he needs this match to go at his pace to get a victory here so he gets a head start.

Lance:

I'd tell Lord Sewell to take it easy ripping off that jacket, but Alexander could just buy him another because they're on sale now on the DEFshop!

DDK:

Nice plug.

A few clubs turn into a few European Uppercuts as Sewell rips the jacket off of Alexander and tosses it out of the ring to a chorus of boos from the Wisconsin Faithful. A side headlock into an arm wrench keeps Sewell on the offensive, but a few acrobatics and DEC4L reverses it into an arm wrench of his own, but is quickly spun and countered into a hammerlock. A series of futile counter attempts by the less technically skilled Alexander results in a rope break that one-half of the Gentleman's Agreement takes all the way until five. As he breaks away, Alexander is already favoring the arm.

DDK:

That's about as good of a start Lord Sewell could've asked for in this match. Starting with some grappling and already picking a body part and going to work.

Lance:

Little known fact about Declan Alexander, Darren. He wears a compression sleeve on that left arm because of a sports injury he suffered in high school. He wore that sleeve while he was rehabbing and it became a comfort thing and it stuck. There is no way of knowing if Lord Sewell knew that or not, but he picked the correct arm.

Declan takes a moment to gather himself before going back in for another grapple, probably to his own detriment. DEC4L goes for a hip toss but the right arm is caught. However Sewell wants the left arm and grabs it with another arm wrench. With some handy acrobatics, Alexander reverses again but is slapped in the face for his effort. Declan returns fire with a stiff elbow. The two exchange a series of blows before Sewell throws Alexander into the ropes. On the return he tosses the Intrepid Influencer into the air hoping to land a European uppercut on the downfall, but Declan manages to hit a perfect dropkick right to the chin knocking the Vice Admiral off his feet. Lord Sewell returns to his feet and Alexander goes to send him into the ropes but it's reversed. Declan comes off the ropes and avoids a huge chop with a somersault before bouncing up with another dropkick.

DDK:

GGEZ he calls that one, Lance.

Lance:

He certainly makes it look easy. The athleticism of Declan Alexander is an incredible foundation for the wrestler that we all know is bound to develop. The question is will he continue to progress this quickly or will he hit a ceiling along the way?

ONE.

TWO.

Quick escape from Sewell who is stubborn and is far from ready to go down. Declan ramps up the speed of the match with hip tosses, snapmares, and arm drags, keeping Sewell from getting a base of operations from which to exert his offense. Once Alexander has Sewell backed into a corner he plays it up to the crowd putting the veteran on the top rope. Going for a superplex, both men scrap atop the turnbuckle but it's Sewell with a crafty hammerfist to the left shoulder who gains the advantage and shoves Alexander off the top rope who lands with a thud. Lord Sewell, out of his element, gets down to a seated position to get back down off the top rope and onto the canva-

DDK:

Frankensteiner!

Lance:

Where did Alexander even come from? He was barely down for a second.

The Wisconsin Faithful roar as Lord Sewell is rocked and is now out on his feet before eating a Red Line Enziguri to the face. DEC4L hypes up the crowd, throwing his arms into the air before wincing and grabbing his left shoulder. Lord Sewell pushes his body back up off the mat before he's grabbed from behind for a German suplex. The veteran isn't ready to go down and swings back wildly with a back elbow that spins him around just in time for...

DDK:

Play of the Game!

Lance:

That cutter is so pretty, Darren. This kid has a gift, he just needs the opportunity to put it together.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

The Wisconsin Faithful cheer in appreciation as Declan picks up a second consecutive victory on UNCUT. Jonny Fastcountini comes and raises the left arm of Alexander in victory, but the Intrepid Influencer grimaces and quickly pulls it away instead hitting the DEFIANCE official with a slightly awkward but endearing fist bump before getting on the top rope to soak in the cheers from the Faithful.

DDK:

Another impressive showing from "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, Lance. Sure he looks great against the Lord Sewells and Butch Vics of the world, but sticking your nose into the business of the Oscar Burnses and Kerry Kuroyamas of DEFIANCE are a completely different animal. No offense to the previous but the accolades speak for themselves.

Lance:

You know I'd always heard the phrase around the locker room that you don't become the best until you are in the ring against the best. Iron sharpens iron, Darren. I think Declan is taking the advice of his act first/think later trainer Vivica J. Valentine and trying to take his career by the throat. She never waited for her time back in her career and it doesn't look like Alexander plans on doing so either.

DDK:

Well you may be right about that, but Vivica's attitude and style is the reason that she's not medically cleared to compete anymore and Lindsay Troy who came up in the same era is the current FIST of DEFIANCE. LT surrounds herself with like-minded individuals. Ultra talented. No nonsense. Driven. Take no prisoners. I know the kid is looking to make a name for himself but a part of me worries that if he continues down this road he's going to end his career before it ever begins.

Lance:

Well that's the great thing about the future, Darren... none of us know the answers. We have to tune in just like everyone else to watch it play out. For "Downtown" Darren Keebler, I'm Lance Warner and This. Is. DEFIANCE.

The scene fades with Declan Alexander walking around ringside taking selfies with fans and talking with the

Milwaukee Faithful as UNCUT comes to a close.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.